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City of the Soul

Knowledge Comes to This City Through the Four Gates.

"I will praise Thee; for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

That text, from the fourteenth verse of the one hundred and thirty-ninth Psalm, comes to your mind when you face a mirror. Within reach of our study there is nothing more marvelous than a human being. The scientist is doubtless right when he says that in this universe there are beings compared with whom man would be like a black beetle compared to man himself. But those greater beings that probably do exist above and beyond us we cannot see. We dwell upon this little earth as the cheese mite lives in its cheese, and HERE is our study.

This picture in which the artist McCay shows imaginary tiny men investigating and studying the head of a typical human being illustrates man's most perplexing, interesting, and fascinating study.

Bunyan describes the human head as The City of Man's Soul. He described Satan, the enemy, attacking the city of the soul through the four gates—Eargate, Eyegate, Nosegate, and Mouthgate.

We know, having passed Bunyan's self-searching and limited Puritanical ideas, that the four gates of the city in which the brain of man lives are doors through which KNOWLEDGE comes—knowledge infinitely more important, powerful and definite than any Satan.

Through the ear we receive the wisdom of others living and talking with us and the harmony of music that ennobles the mind. Through the eye and the art of reading we inherit the knowledge and wisdom of those long dead, make it our own, and use it. Through the mouth and nose we supply food and air to the living body on which the thinking head travels.

We die as thousands upon thousands of millions have died before us, the majority filled with the comforting faith that tells of a perfect residence waiting for us and our friends and a very uncomfortable abode waiting for our enemies. And we die without actually KNOWING anything—beyond the teachings of beautiful faith—as to whence we came, why we are here, whither we are bound.

We do not even know what the thing is that we call "myself," where it is located within the bony skull, whether it was created with the body, to die with the body, as the hopeless believe, or created with the body to live forever, or whether it is itself a part of all Eternity, existing forever in the past and in the future, through many bodies, on many planets, witnessing many cosmic creations and destructions.

The big question WHY is too big and troublesome for the average mind. And the greatest blessing for millions is the faith which says, "You are all right, behave, don't worry, think of other things."

The great majority of us DO think of other things, leaving it to philosophers and scientists to worry about the problems, "What is matter? What is force? What is spirit, consciousness, or soul?"

It may interest you for a moment, looking at this picture, to ask yourself what it is that YOU are and how that YOU works from within your head and deals with the world outside.

You say, "I am not satisfied to know about this earth only. I want to know about things outside."

You look through the telescope and see the craters of dead volcanoes on the moon, our nearest neighbor. You look farther and see the golden rings around the planet Saturn or the brightly colored moons that travel with our giant far-off neighbor Jupiter.

That telescope was created INSIDE OF THE HUMAN BRAIN. HOW was it done? WHERE was it done?

Nothing that you can find in the head with careful study or the dissecting knife will tell you the story. Layers of tissue, skin, bone, nerves, but no explanation!

The eye sees and tells the brain what it sees. The brain gives orders to the nerves that move the hands and feet by acting on the muscles, and you pursue the enemy or flee with him.

We only know that it happens. We take for granted the most wonderful of all miracles—thought, based on observation, translated into action and material results.

What is the thinking, planning, WORKING power that we call mind or soul? It has no weight, of course; it occupies no space. Yet it is there, within the head. Without it this earth would have remained wild, uncultivated. That invisible force back of your forehead has dug the canals, united oceans, drained swamps, irrigated deserts, built the harvesting machinery that feeds men, the submarine that destroys them, the telephone that carries their voices and the flying machine that carries their bodies.

What it IS that does all this now, how it is created, what becomes of it when the eyes close for the last time and no more orders go from the brain we know not.

But this we do know—that to each of us is confided a power for good and useful work, "fearfully and wonderfully made."

If a man known to you had inherited a great factory with wonderful machinery, capable of marvelous, intricate production, and left it idle, ignoring it, you would pity or despise him.

On your shoulders you carry a factory more compli-

The Human Head--What Is It?



The Greatest of Earth's Mysteries Travels Around
On Your Shoulders. It Is the Human Head.
Hidden Away in It Somewhere Is the Power That
Rules the Earth, Causes All of Progress.

You Know the Power Is in There Somewhere.
You Use That Power Now as You Study and Think
About This Picture. What IS It, How Does It Operate,
What Are Its Limitations and Possibilities?

cated than all earth's factories of steel and iron. There are millions of parts in your brain. Millions of useful thoughts, actions, and impulses lie within, waiting for your will and sense of duty to call them into being.

There is no limit to what the brain of man, working collectively for good, can accomplish. For your comfort and inspiration read here an extract from Guizot's admirable "General History of Civilization." He quotes the saying of Homer's character, "Return thanks to God that we are infinitely better than our fathers," which we are in knowledge, power, opportunity. And investigating the history of man and of civilization from the isolated savage to the civilization of his day says:

We shall not, I think, proceed far in this study, without being convinced that civilization is still in its infancy. How distant is the human mind from the perfection to which it may attain—from the perfection for which it was created? How incapable are we of grasping the whole future destiny of man! Let any one even descend into his own mind—let him picture there the highest point of perfection to which man, to which society may attain that he can conceive, that he can hope; let him then contrast this picture with the present state of the world, and he will feel assured that society and civilization are still in their childhood; that however great the distance they have advanced, that which they have before them is incomparably, is infinitely greater.

We do not know ourselves or what we are. We cannot faintly conceive the marvels that we shall accomplish in the millions of years that are before us on this earth. Human beings have lived on this planet five hundred thousand

years at least—science PROVES it—the human race is still in its infancy. What will be the complete life if part of infancy lasts more than half a million years? And what wonders will be drawn from this human head that you see here capped with steel to resist bullets, steel covering a brain that will one day be open to all knowledge and free from all fear?

The text printed above applies to YOU. You have the machinery in that head. You undoubtedly have the desire to be worthy of the power within you. The right kind of man will think over with earnest approval one other quotation from the great but humble French teacher, Guizot. It would be well for those that call themselves Bolsheviks and Anarchists to read and fully appreciate this, from the mind of the learned, earnest student:

I know not if this strikes you as it does me, but in my judgment we continually oscillate between an inclination to complain without sufficient cause and to be too easily satisfied. We have an extreme susceptibility of mind, an inordinate craving, an ambition in our thoughts, in our desires and in the movements of our imagination; yet when we come to practical life—when trouble, when sacrifices, when efforts are required for the attainment of our object we sink into lassitude and inactivity. We are discouraged almost as easily as we had been excited. Let us not, however, suffer ourselves to be invaded by either of these vices. Let us estimate fairly what our abilities, our knowledge, our power enable us to do lawfully, justly, prudently—with a proper respect to the great principles upon which our social system, our civilization is based—attain.

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

An ugly week has closed. A week in which Washington has been on the first pages of every paper in the United States; and in many of the papers of Europe, and perhaps of other continents. Greater international importance than anyone imagines may be attached to some quarters to the riots of this city. We who live here know full well how and why they occurred; but they may be used to twist political sentiment in some other parts of the world.

We are not so much interested, however, in the far away results of the riot; although the seed sown abroad today may find its harvest in another generation. An impression given credence in a far off capital may be germ of thought from which a great and dangerous wave of sentiment may spread.

But that sort of speculation is far away from the thoughts of those whose loved ones were killed or maimed in this disgraceful and entirely unnecessary outbreak. The tragedy is right here for them. We will mourn as best we can with these bereaved ones for a little while—and then perhaps forget. But let us try not to let this tragedy slip from our minds. Let us not forget that brave police officer, Harry Wilson, who sacrificed himself for law and order. Pushing aside an older officer he faced the blazing gun with these words: "Let me go in first, I'm younger."

I heard officials and others discussing the part the newspapers played in the general rumpus. One man said in loud tones that no newspaper should have printed a word about the mobs and riots. That would have been a fine situation. What a terror there would have been, with the rumors flying thick and fast and growing every minute, with no trained observers in the midst of things to tell you EXACTLY what was going on. As an example, the very first disturbance grew out of a rumor.

New Commissioner Seem. The White House reporters and others are busy retelling the gossip of the town relating to the man who will succeed Commissioner Gardner. We assume Mr. Gardner will not seek reappointment, from what he has said to his friends. I'll wager that a list of names a foot

long can be compiled from the various news stories that will be printed from now until the President appoints a good Washingtonian to take up the big job at the District Building. Many of these names will be jimmied into print by the men to whom they are attached, on the ground that it is good advertising even to be mentioned.

A real estate man is in the mouths of men just at present; just how his campaign is being conducted I don't know, but his name has reached the side door of the White House at least. However, I'm not going to accept any news on this score until I get it right from G. H. Q.—which means General Headquarters. I remember how everyone was fooled in the last appointment. People had it all figured out one way when suddenly the President appointed someone that no one had suspected at all. That was Commissioner Gardner; and I tell you it's quite likely to be the same thing this time.

When I read of a man being "prominently mentioned" for the office of Commissioner, I change the words to "Completely forgotten."

If you have any desire to be Commissioner, don't get yourself mentioned. Put up the lightning rod and pray hard, but don't make any noise. Hearings on the half-and-half plan have been determined upon; and we will have them possibly next fall. It is doubtful that the old fifty-fifty plan of financing will remain with us much longer, despite the efforts of Washington to retain it. Members of Congress are not particularly impressed by it, and only made it a part of the present appropriation bill on the promise of Chairman Mages, of the District Committee of the House, to bring in a bill to repeal the half and half.

A few truckloads of army food distributed to a few people helped reduce the cost of living in Washington. More work to bring that boon to practical existence than anyone imagines; but the cost of living can't be reduced by merely selling a few truckloads of cheap food. We will have to have more than that to place meat back to where it was before the war. No volunteer organization can bring it about. We would have to have a brand new system of distribution, covering the entire world. Also we will have to find some way to produce more at a lower cost.

HERE AND THERE

G. H. PAUL says that on his way to work he saw that the National Shoe Manufacturing and Repair Co., 408 11th street n.w., has a large sign offering \$15 for 1917 pennies.

He doesn't have to go there for any such bargain. I'll give anyone as much as \$16 for the same thing.

Boston's Comeback. Here's a howl straight from Boston! We'll admit crooked streets and lack of dairy inspection, but howl we will when we are alluded to as Bostonese! Bostonians, if you please.

FROM THE HUB. You must have your signals crossed on some other town when you say that Boston is forty-five years behind Washington on anything. Some rare humor, Earl, old topper, for the only thing we have to apologize for in the City of Culture, Refinement and Learning is our crooked streets (although a Bostonese feels lost without them) and the only thing you have to really brag about is one Walter Johnson, and I think the decisions over him are in our favor at that.

Drop into one of those inspector-less white front places in Boston sometime, Earl, and even if sanitary conditions offend your sensitive person, a good feed of properly baked Boston beans will satisfy your inner self. Lamently yours,

ARTHUR STACEY REED, Harvard '12.

P. S.—This is one answer to your challenge for us Bostonese to "come on."

Well, I got my information about Boston sanitation direct from the Health Officer there.

And, of course, Boston is ahead of us by several years on 10-cent car-fares.

FRED LEE suggests that an obelisk be placed in the front yard of the White House, and that a gold plate for each President be inserted in the obelisk as a memento for past executives.

And I suggest that someone stick in little cards with the names of the Vice Presidents.

Trouble with that is—nobody knows the names.

Comes a notice from the Laymen's Service Association, telling of athletic games and doings for patients at St. Elizabeth's and one of the items on the program is this: "21—Race between a man, a dog, and a Loaded Lizzie."

That must have been attractive. For further information address the officers and directors of the Laymen's Service Association, who are: PRESIDENT, BYRON S. ADAMS; VICE PRESIDENT, HENRY F. BLAIR; SECRETARY, FRANCIS C. WALLACE; TREASURER, T. E. ROBERTSON. Executive Committee: DR. MARCUS BENJAMIN, ARTHUR E. DOWELL, COMDR. C. T. JEWELL, S. E. KRAMER, WM. TYLER PAGE, GEO. B. SELDEN, CHAS. H. STOCKTON.

All in the Day's Work

I would suggest that Washington women carry red pepper with them. A little of this thrown in the eyes of a man is about as good protection as you would want. Reinforce the pepper with a long hatpin and perhaps there would be fewer women followed by loafers on the streets.

Speaking of car service, the other day I counted seven Lincoln Park cars, each about half full; five North Capitol and W streets, each about one-third full; three Union Stations, one of which had one passenger; four 13th & D Sts., just comfortably filled, and one Brookland car, so full it didn't even stop, thereby necessitating another wait of twenty minutes for one that you could just squeeze on.

War Department has one million five hundred thousand pounds of prunes to be sold to the poor dear public.

Turn enough prunes loose in Washington Boarding Houses and perhaps the board bill will be reduced.

John McGrath's experiment in reducing the cost of living must have been helpful to some one. I see by the papers that three-fifths of it hasn't been paid for.

Last Friday about nine o'clock in front of the Munsey Building I saw a policeman arrest a Greek fruit vender for being about a foot out of the way with his fruit cart.

At the same time a huge delivery van was sprawled all over the street, blocking traffic and making a general nuisance of itself, but there was no arrest there.